

" Seventeen years the oppressions have begun ;  
 but it was ten  
 years ago when we could easily keep ourselves and  
 raise our bread—  
 now we cannot. In -, five years ago, all had  
 plenty of  
 dress and bread, and every family kept two cows  
 and two hundred  
 or more of sheep. But now, when I visited them, I  
 would shame  
 to look at the female persons, so naked were they,  
 and so did they  
 hide themselves for shame in the dark parts of  
 their houses, for  
 their dress was all in pieces, so that their flesh was  
 seen. I was  
 thirsty and asked for milk, and they made reply, '  
 Oh, we have not  
 a cow, or a sheep, or a goat: we forget the taste of  
 milk !' And  
 most of their fine fields were gone out of their hands  
 by oppressions,  
 for they could no longer find money wherewith to  
 pay taxes, and  
 they sold them for a vile price.

"K----- was the best village in Sopana, and  
 more wealthy  
 than any village of Kurds or Christians. There I  
 went and asked  
 for some milk. They said, \* Never a goat, or a  
 sheep, or a cow  
 have we.<sup>7</sup> I ask of all the families their condition,  
 and they make  
 reply, with many tears, ' AH that we have has left  
 our hands, and  
 we fear for our lives now. We were rich, now we  
 have not bread  
 to eat from day to day.<sup>7</sup> Seventeen years ago the  
 village of B-----  
 had fifty families of wealthy villagers, but now I only  
 find twelve,  
 and those twelve could scarcely find bread. I had  
 asked bread,  
 but I could not find it. By day their things were  
 taken by  
 force out of their houses: at night their sheep and  
 cattle were  
 driven off. They could keep nothing. Our wheat, our  
 sheep, our  
 butter is not our own. The chief, Mohammed Bey,  
 and his servants  
 ask of us, saying, \* Give, or we will kill you.<sup>7</sup>"

<sup>9</sup>  
 This is a sample of innumerable tales to  
 which I listen  
 daily. Some are probably grossly  
 exaggerated, others,  
 and this among them, are probably true in all

essential

particulars. Daily, from all quarters, men  
arrive with  
their complaints of robbery and violence,  
and ask the  
Patriarch to obtain redress for them, but he  
is powerless.

My favourite walk is down the fair green  
lawn out-  
side the village, on which is a copse of  
poplars, with  
foliage of reddening gold. Beside it, on the  
verge of the